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The Fields

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The Fields

Mardelle Fortier

We left with a cheerful wave
After riding the wild cycles of our youth.
Crossing the oceans we remembered
Our mothers. We laughed as we ate
Sharing the stories of normal lives.

One by one--the gang cut down.
A roadside bomb, planted just wrong.
Best pal lost an arm; we had no time
To mourn. We fought through dust,
Deep heat and storm.

And we walked through fields of blood.
We kept walking,
Getting tired and feeling old.

No one else gave so much; what American would.
We couldn't sleep with the blasts
And constantly watching enemies. At night--
Thrown down in an explosion--my mates
Ran back...carried me to safety.

And we walked through fields of blood
Unending, dirt, years of living blood
Until it began dying.

My brother wrote and told me everyone
Knew health at home. They ate Thanksgiving pumpkin
While we stayed in body armor thin as scales.
The government gave us some protection.

And we dragged through fields of blood,
Fields of fears, fields of unending tears.

More than exhausted
I'm down to a deadened shell,
But I can't leave my buddies
Here in this last hell
Of walking, so much walking
Through the seas of blood, seas of tears.